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attention which its real importance, and intimate connexion with our national prospects and improvement, would seem to demand. The contributions which this science has made to the arts, the improvements it has suggested in many important manufactures, and above all the security it has given to the lives of thousands by means of the celebrated safety-lamp of Sir H. Davy, prove how much an enlightened and well directed philosophy may do to improve the condition of mankind. This consideration gives it a high claim to the attention of a nation like ours, and yet we have but few men among us, who have made it their profession to understand and teach it; and it is only to such that we can look for any important accessions of knowledge. Chemistry has become in Europe almost a separate profession; and we consider it as a most desirable event to have men of abilities and enterprise, devoted to it from inclination, who are at leisure to to give themselves up wholly to its pursuit; and who are not obliged to labour in other occupations for a support, whilst the cultivation of their favourite study is only their relaxation and amusement. When we have such men among us, then and not till then shall we be able to contribute our full share to the science of the world; and to turn to the best account the various means which chemistry affords for the improvement of our own condition.

The length to which we have extended this article, as well as the particular remarks which we have had occasion to make on the character of the work under review, are sufficient proofs that we estimate it highly. We regard it, as far as it has yet been published, as one of the best introductions to the science with which we are acquainted. We look forward with interest to the publication of the second volume.

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ART. IX.—*Travels in Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817. By Lieut. Francis Hall. 8vo. pp. 332. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 1818.*

THE writer of this volume is an English officer, who appears to possess an open, candid disposition, with some pretensions to taste and literature. He has good sense enough to think, that a country is not to be judged by its

tavern-keepers and ostlers, and too much good humour to rail at a whole people, because he meets with occasional instances of fraud or churlishness. Free from the squeamishness, that can allow nothing to be good, where the traveller is not delicately fed and softly lodged, he submits cheerfully to inconveniences, which he knows to be the price that all must pay, who would see nature in her rude, uncultivated state. *Log-roads* and dull horses excite his merriment rather than his spleen, and he goes laughing and jolting on, amply compensated by occasional views of mountains and cataracts for all his petty sufferings. His spirits are light and buoyant, and not easily subdued by trifling ills. He is never querulous or discontented; never disposed to go in quest of faults, nor to dwell long on such as come in his way. He takes no delight in upbraiding. Instead of peevishly staying to enumerate the wants, which he cannot supply, he hastens to forget them in the occupations, which curiosity or fancy may suggest. It is true, that he sometimes relates occurrences, which seem too minute for the dignity of narration. We have not forgotten, that Johnson has said, 'that the true state of every nation is the state of common life,' and that 'they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and the villages, in the shops and farms'.—But let the authority and example of Johnson be carried as far as it may; it never can extend to justify the insertion of such facts, as have no tendency to mark the character of a people, or to shew the degree of refinement they have attained. Later travellers, not possessing the sagacity which enabled that great man to turn the most common incidents to account, have thought themselves imitating him, when they have filled their pages with the peculiarities of individuals, and such casual events, as have nothing to do with the general state and habits of a people. What is the reader profited, we would ask, by being told, 'that the woodcocks were profanely gutted and tossed ignobly to be stewed in a common pot with the other birds,' or that, although thus 'barbarously degraded' still 'their excellence could not be extinguished?' Of what importance is it to be informed, 'that Mrs. Tisley's is a clean, comfortable house, and that Mr. Powell is a very civil landlord?' Before the reader shall chance to travel the same road, it is great odds that these kind entertainers will have given place to others, or that if

they survive, the intimation will be either not remembered or not regarded. There ought to be a difference between a book of travels, and a travelling directory. Let not the former be made a chronicle for tavern-keepers, who may safely enough trust to their sign-boards, and their fame in the neighbourhood, which probably led the author and will lead others, to these resting places.

Lieut. Hall discovers a laudable wish to make himself acquainted with every thing worthy of note concerning the country through which he passes, its inhabitants, manners, institutions, religion and laws. That in a rapid journey he should not acquire a very deep insight into these matters, and that he should fall into many mistakes, is not strange. But he makes no great pretensions to profound knowledge, or extensive observation. He gives us his impressions, and we know how he received them. We have always the means of making due allowance for the scantiness or inaccuracy of his information, and he more than once hints at the difficulties he had to encounter. There is besides a liveliness in some of his descriptions, and a familiar epistolary way of writing, that lets us at once into all about him, so that we see and feel what he saw and felt. Not that his style is altogether free from affectation. There are occasions enough for lamenting the rejection of plain prose for a laboured poetic diction, and many thoughts are distorted by their gorgeous apparel, that would have done very well in an every-day dress. When he would let us know that a fish was caught, he tells us that 'lines were thrown out, and the silver mail of one victim soon glistened, as he ascended through the green wave.' But this, we must allow, is about the worst instance we have been able to find, and when we consider how fashionable it has been of late to disguise meaning with redundant epithets, and puzzle the reader with riddles, we do not so much wonder, that a young and ardent writer, somewhat addicted to poetry, should have fallen into this error, as that his offences of this kind are so few. The moral and political remarks contained in this volume, which are not unfrequent, are in general such as indicate a sound mind and benevolent heart. They are ingenious enough not to appear idle or misplaced, without being remarkable either for novelty or depth. We find ourselves every where in company with a lively, good humoured man, whose conversation is so instruc-

tive as never to be trifling, and so entertaining, that we are not wearied with hearing him talk.—If we met such an one while journeying, we should regret our arrival at a parting point, and might even go a little out of our way to keep him company. He is an affable, communicative, well-bred sort of man, who pleases because he is pleased, and because he possesses good sense joined to a sufficient stock of erudition, without ostentation or pedantry ; and because he thinks justly, and tells us what he thinks, without assuming the air of a teacher, or claiming for his thoughts more respect than we commonly pay to those of men, who have had the same opportunities with ourselves to observe and learn.

We first find our traveller upon the ocean, which he crosses from Liverpool to New York, without any uncommon incident. The dangers of Nantucket shoals are mentioned by way of apology for introducing in a brief episode a very general and inaccurate account of the inhabitants of that island. Whence he obtained his information concerning them we are not told, but it could not have been from a very correct source, since he mentions it among their customs, that ‘ they have, particularly the women, an odd habit of taking a small quantity of opium every morning,’—and adds in a note, that he has since heard it remarked,—‘ that this practice is very general in America.’

After a stay of four days at New York, which enables him just to glance at the several objects of attention there, he sets off in the steam-boat for Albany. Whatever impressions he might have had of the savageness of the people, through whose country he was to pass, they were soon happily removed ; for he tells us, that he was ‘ agreeably surprized by a dinner handsomely served, very good attendance, and a general attention to quiet and decorum,’ and he adds, ‘ truly, thought I, these republicans are not so barbarous.’ The monument of Hamilton calls forth a remark, which we were pleased to see from the pen of a military man—‘ He crossed ’ says Lieut. Hall, ‘ from the state of New York to evade the laws of his country, and bow to those of false shame and mistaken honour.’ A few pages are sufficient for describing all that he saw at Albany. After visiting Coos falls, he pursues the usual route by Whitehall and Lake Champlain to Canada, and on quitting our territory, pauses for a moment to enter upon what he very properly confesses to be ‘ a bold enterprize,’ that is, ‘ to des-

cribe the habits, manners, and dispositions of a nation, after a fifteen days' journey through it.' But he prudently confines himself to an extract or two from the facetious pages of Knickerbocker, and some general remarks upon the behaviour of shop-keepers and innholders. He resumes this topic in an appendix without much better success, for he can find no more authentic source of information concerning the character of the New Englanders, than the professed caricatures contained in 'Letters from Virginia,' and some remarks from the Olive Branch, to which last work, we suppose, he is indebted for some defamatory and unfounded imputations upon the New England clergy.

He now enters Lower Canada, and thus describes the first objects that met his view there.

'Nothing could be more Siberian than the aspect of the Canadian frontier : a narrow road, choked with snow, led through a wood, in which patches were occasionally cleared, on either side, to admit the construction of a few log-huts, round which a brood of ragged children, a starved pig, and a few half-broken rustic implements, formed an accompaniment more suited to an Irish landscape, than to the thriving scenes we had just quitted. The Canadian peasant is still the same unsophisticated animal whom we may suppose to have been imported by Jacques Cartier. The sharp, unchangeable lineaments of the French countenance, set off with a blue or red night-cap, over which is drawn the hood of a grey capote, fashioned like a monk's cowl, a red worsted girdle, hair tied in a greasy leathern queue, brown moccasins of undressed hide, and a short pipe in his mouth, give undeniable testimony of the presence of Jean Baptiste. His horse seems to have been equally solicitous to shame neither his progenitors nor his owner, by any mixture with a foreign race, but exhibits the same relationship to the horses, as his rider to the subjects of Louis XIII. Now, too, the frequent cross by the road side, thick studded with all the implements of crucifixional torture, begins to indicate a catholic country : distorted virgins and ghastly saints decorate each inn room, while the light spires of the parish church, covered with plates of tin, glitter across the snowy plain.' pp. 42, 43.

He makes all haste to Quebec, where in truth his travels may be said to begin ; for it is there he begins to give a minute and careful account of the most important subjects of observation, whether in the natural or moral world. He describes Quebec and its environs, and then returning up the

St. Lawrence, points out in succession the towns, mountains, streams, islands and rapids between that place and Montreal. In the same way, after a short account of Montreal, he continues his course towards Upper Canada, and from Kingston, crossing over to Sacket's Harbour, he takes a turn through the western counties of New York, describing cursorily the villages and people of that growing country. Next he explores the Niagara frontier, dwells on its peculiar beauties and advantages, and attempts to explain the causes of its superior mildness of climate. Crossing the Niagara at Black Rock, he again enters the territory of the United States, and directs his course to Philadelphia. Here he is detained some time in describing the institutions and public buildings, and thence proceeds to Baltimore and Washington, passes a night with Mr. Jefferson at Monticello ; stays a short time at Richmond, and by rapid stages reaches Charleston. There he embarks, and soon 'welcomes the hills of his country' from which he had departed a little more than a year before.

This is the route in which our traveller is to find materials for a book. It has been often travelled before, and of course we are not to expect that peculiar charm, which belongs to the narratives of those, who are the first to explore an unknown country. It has neither the freshness of novelty, nor the soberness of antiquity ; no monuments of art to carry us back to distant ages ; no consecrated spots to revive the memory of great and glorious events, over which time has cast its mists. The people are either much like those, for whom the author writes, or by frequent intercourse, and the accounts of other travellers, have become well known to them. With these disadvantages, we are disposed to allow no little credit to Lieut. Hall for having made his book so entertaining as it is. It can rarely be said to be tedious, even when it is not instructive. Among all the writers of travels, there are few who possess a quick perception of those nice shades, that distinguish the character of a people ; and still fewer, who can select with judgment, and display with vivacity and force, those traits, by which that character may be distinctly conceived by others. Most of those, who have attempted this, have become either dull or frivolous. They have either disgusted the reader by an affectation of facetiousness, or they have made him toil through dissertations more wearisome than the swamps and marshes, through which they have

themselves passed. Lieut. Hall has certainly avoided these extremes, and we think has sometimes succeeded in that sort of moral painting, which gives life and soul to the otherwise fatiguing details of roads and hills and streams.

In the Province of Lower Canada nothing is more deserving of attention, than the character of its French peasantry. Of 335,000 inhabitants, we are told by Bouchette that 275,000 are descendants of the original French settlers. The wise policy of the British Government has permitted these men to continue unmolested the exercise of their religion, and has been sparing in changes of the laws and constitutions, which were found in force there at the conquest. In their courts of justice, Denizart, Pigeau, and Pothier are the books most often quoted, and the most familiar terms of jurisprudence are those of the French Law.—‘A recourse to the common law of Canada’ (says C. J. Sewell in the case of *Pozers. vs. Meiklejohn*, *Pike’s Canad. Rep.* vol. i. p. 12) ‘is the ordinary rule; to the laws of England, an exception created by statute for those cases, in which proof is to be made of facts concerning commercial matters;’—and again (p. 13) ‘the system of jurisprudence, which we administer, has for its basis the law of France, and particularly that portion of the law of France, which was observed as law in the vicomté of Paris, before the establishment of the sovereign council of Quebec.’ But the prevalence of the Romish religion has a far more important influence, than the laws and administration of justice. After almost sixty years of subjection to England, the Canadian peasant retains the same easy and unthinking character, which that religion commonly produces among the lower classes. He enjoys all the tranquillity which the Turk derives from a belief in fatalism, while a confidence in the protection of his saint, and a habit of resignation, relieve him from the sullen gloom, that gathers over the brow of the follower of Mahomet. Till of late he feared no evil so much as change. Bouchette informs us, that the abhorrence of the Canadians for innovation has defeated all attempts to improve their system of agriculture, and has but recently begun to yield to more enlightened views.—Lieut. Hall has taken notice of the same feature.

‘The runners of these sleighs are formed of two slips of wood, so low that the shafts collect the snow into a succession of wavy hillocks, properly christened “cahots,” for they almost dislocate



your limbs five thousand times in a day's journey. An attempt was once made to correct this evil, by prohibiting all *low runners*, as they are called, from coming within a certain distance of Quebec; meaning, thereby, to force the country people into the use of high runners, in the American fashion. Jean Baptiste, however, sturdily and effectually resisted this heretical innovation, by halting with his produce without the limits, and thus compelling the towns-people to come to him to make their purchases.' p. 44.

And again.

'From Quebec to Montreal may be called one long village. On either shore a strip of land, seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, (except near the streams which fall into the St. Lawrence,) bounded by aboriginal forests, and thickly studded with low-browed farm-houses, white-washed from top to bottom, to which a log-barn and stable are attached, and commonly a neat plot of garden ground, represents all that is inhabited of Lower Canada. A cluster of these houses becomes a village, generally honoured with the name of some saint, whose church glitters afar with tin spires and belfry. Upon the shoulders of this patron saint, the Canadian rests the chief part of his cares, both temporal and eternal—having committed his seed to the same ground, and in the same manner with his forefathers, he trusts that the "*bon Dieu*" will, through the intercession of the said saint, do the rest. Should an inclement season, as was the case last year, disappoint his hopes, he is prepared patiently to confess himself, and die of hunger, fully persuaded that the blessed St. Anne, or St. Anthony, will not fail him in both worlds.' p. 77.

But this vitious contentment, which clings to ancient habits, however foolish or pernicious, is fast disappearing. The Canadian no longer resists improvement. An important change is going on in the Lower Province, of which the progress has been as rapid as the commencement was sudden. Its effects were probably not very apparent at the time of our author's visit, for he is silent respecting it. Should he revisit Canada at this moment he would find a spirit prevailing very different from that, 'which endures an evil rather than overcome it.' He would find a people lately distinguished by a bigoted attachment to French manners now striving in every thing to resemble Englishmen. He would find the Canadians, who a few years past thought of nothing but to live as their fathers had done before them, innocent but igno-

rant, now zealously cooperating in the establishment and support of banks, insurance companies, canal associations, and every other scheme of public usefulness. Montreal, which in 1791 contained only about 8000 inhabitants, now contains 25,000. Every thing indicates that these provinces are about to repay in liberal measure the care they have received from Great Britain. In what manner their revival may affect the interests of the United States may soon require the serious consideration of our statesmen. In the meanwhile, let us rejoice in their prosperity, and endeavour to counteract its effects upon ourselves rather by generous emulation, than by malignant jealousy.

No judgment is to be formed of what the Canadian Provinces can do from what they have hitherto done. Their agriculture has remained in a surprizing state of depression. Even the plough has been of comparatively little use in their tillage, for when they have employed this instrument, they have been satisfied with merely breaking the surface of the ground. Of the application of manures they are said to have been extremely ignorant, and the succession of crops has been altogether unknown. The impulse lately given, and the spirit that has been awakened, will in a short time develop agricultural resources, such as may astonish those who have not attended to the true causes of the insignificance of the Canadas. It becomes the farmers of New England to think well of these things, and to be stimulated to greater exertions for the improvement of agriculture, than they have ever yet made. A late act of our legislature has proved, that public patronage will not be wanting, when it is seconded by private zeal.

In Canada we find the feudal tenures still subsisting with all their appendages of courts, fines for alienation, reliefs and pre-emption, with different names indeed, but in substance the same, excepting the military part, as when introduced into England by William of Normandy. The greater part of the land on the banks of the Saint Lawrence is divided into seignories or manors, and was granted early in the history of the colony to gentlemen of family and distinction. These are parcelled out into *concessions*, which are 'lots of land, usually about three acres in front by 20, 30 or 40 in depth, let by the seignors at some trifling rent, either of money or produce, according to their quality, to such persons as are

willing to settle upon and cultivate them.' Great privileges are enjoyed by the seignor. Among others, he has the tithe of all fish taken, or an equivalent in money, and a twelfth part of the purchase money upon every transfer of lands, to be paid by the purchaser, but subject to an abatement of one quarter part, if paid immediately. By the old laws, which have never been repealed, the seignor is also entitled to hold courts, and to take cognizance of all crimes except treason and murder. [Bouchette]. But this privilege has lain dormant for many years, and it is not at all probable, that it will ever be revived.

It may seem strange, that institutions so cumbrous and artificial as those of feudalism, should, in the very time of their decrepitude and decay, have taken root and flourished in the midst of a wilderness, where immeasurable tracts acknowledged no superior lord, and might be claimed by nature's charter. But it is not difficult to discover reasons, besides those founded in the character of the French monarchy, and the interest of the proprietors, powerful enough to induce the adoption of the feudal form of polity, rather than of any other. Would the French husbandman quit the banks of the Loire and Garonne, to seize, as a private adventurer, a spot on the St. Lawrence, from which the incursions of the Iroquois might force him to fly, as soon as by labour and care, he had brought it to a tolerable state of cultivation? Would a band of peasants, accustomed to entrust every thing in war to the conduct of their nobles, have felt any heart or confidence to encounter, without a military chief, the dangers that surrounded them, as soon as they set foot in Canada? It was necessary to bestow the fiefs first on gentlemen of family, bred in the school of war, each of whom would select his followers and dependants, and with them take possession of his new territory. The case was widely different with our ancestors. They left Europe near a century later, and they came from a country, where the feudal polity had already begun to yield to the spirit of trade, and the growing importance of the people. They came animated with a zeal which belonged to the lowest, as well as the highest; they dreaded not the terrors of the savage, nor shrunk from toils and dangers, which they had long foreseen, and coolly measured; they were embarked in a cause, which had a nobler principle for its origin, than the love of gain, or the mere hope of subsistence.

In this cause the interest of all was equal ; they admitted no superiority of rank, therefore, but such as was necessary for the purposes of good government. All that was oppressive in the feudal law they abolished, declaring, ‘that all their lands and heritages should be free from all fines and licenses upon alienations, and from all heriots, wardships, liveries, primer-seisins, &c.—and that forever.’ Thus, though they might still be said to *hold* of the king, it was rather as their political sovereign than as their feudal lord ; and the long chain of connexion and dependence arising from the relation of lord and vassal, was entirely swept away.

Since the conquest of Canada by the British, the grants that have been made in the Lower Province have been free from feudal clogs, and in Upper Canada all lands are holden in free and common soccage. This last circumstance without doubt has contributed much to that marked difference of character, which is observable in the two provinces.

Among the virtues of the Canadians, their hospitality ought not to be forgotten. We cannot stay to discuss the nature of true hospitality, which, according to our author’s notion, is to be found only among savage tribes, or in a state of society like that of the Virginia planters, where solitude and uniformity of life cause the company even of a stranger to be highly valued. The kindness that receives and cherishes the passing traveller, shelters him from the storm, supplies his wants, and sends him on his way cheered and gladdened with the warm rays of benevolence, is certainly something very different from the common courtesies, that are shewn to strangers. It is the highest and noblest form of hospitality. In cities and populous countries there is no room for its exercise. But are there not still many occasions for the exhibition of kindness to strangers ? Though they be not inmates in our houses, and depend not on us for food or shelter, may we not, in numberless ways, promote their ease, their pleasure or their convenience ? And why may not all that is done in this sort be properly enough called hospitality ? It may be less meritorious than the first, but it springs from the same qualities of heart, and is productive of similar effects. In Canada there is much of open, liberal, unrestrained goodness to strangers. The curé of the village, it seems, is the personage, to whose house, in default of a tavern, the traveller, without scruple, betakes himself, secure of a cordial wel-

come. There he is at home, and shares in whatever comforts the mansion may afford. For his entertainment it is enough if he

‘With many a tale repays the nightly bed.’

It was not therefore an unwarrantable liberty which our author took in the following instance :

‘Rather more than half way betwixt Malbay and St. Paul’s Bay, stands the little village of “Les Eboulemens.” I stopped my caleche at the house of the curé, whose rosy *en bon point*, and good humour, betokened him equally at ease in spirituals and temporals. He regaled me with wine and strawberries, served by his sister, the staid gouvernante of his small menage ; and if wine and fruit, after a dusty journey, required any sauce, I should have found it in the pleasure my entertainers seemed to feel in my appetite. He lamented he had nothing better to offer me, but if I would stay a few days, and make his house my home, the best he could procure was at my service. The only return he required, or I could make, to this hospitality, was to tell him the news, and leave him my name, to add to the small list of strangers, who had honoured his humble domicile. Perverse fortune, that planted thy social spirit on the bleak crest of “Les Eboulemens !” not one, I trust, of thy few visitants, has forgotten the smile of thy ruddy countenance, thy band and cassock, somewhat the worse for time and snuff, thy easy chair, and breviary tied up in black cloth ; or the neat flower garden round thy porch, whence, at the interval of thy evening devotion, I can fancy thine eye resting complacently on the lovely prospect it commands—the small white church, gleaming in the vale below ; beyond it a succession of lofty capes and wooded promontories, jutting into the broad St. Lawrence ; and “Isle aux Coudres,” lying, like a shield, on its bright waters.’ pp. 67, 68.

A similar good fortune attended our traveller at Malbay, and in gratitude for the kindness of his hostess, he has related to us some of the circumstances of her history.

‘I inquired, as is the custom in the untravelled parts of Canada, for the best house, in which to find hospitality for the night, and was directed to that of Madame Nairn, the lady of the Seignory. I found it a plain, and rather large dwelling, standing in a meadow, on the edge of the St. Lawrence. The lady was from home, but an old domestic assiduously welcomed me in : wine was immediately offered me, and in a few minutes, refreshments were on the table ; eggs, tea, and bread and butter, to which a

long fast inclined me to do ample justice. I afterwards walked round the village.’—‘I found a comfortable chamber prepared on my return, and breakfast on the table in the morning. “How do you contrive to get through your time here, my girl?” said I, to the rosy-cheeked damsel who kept up my supply of fresh eggs; “O, Sir, the time goes very quick; we have plenty of employment.” “Well, but in winter?” “O the winter passes still quicker than the summer.” I regretted I had not an opportunity of paying my respects to my kind hostess, in whose family time was allowed to jog quietly on, without any extraordinary contrivances for his destruction, a privilege so seldom granted him by the present generation. There is something of the romance of real life in Mrs. Nairn’s history. She accompanied her husband from Scotland, during the American war, in which he served, and was rewarded by a grant of the Seignory of Malbay, a tract of mountain country, little prized by Canadian or English settlers, but dearer, perhaps to him, from its likeness to his native Highlands. When he settled on it, there were but two houses, besides the one he built. He lived here till his death, and his widow has continued to reside here for forty-five years, during which the three houses have grown into a parish of three hundred inhabitants. Two of Mrs. Nairn’s daughters are married and settled in the village. Her son fell in the battle of Chrystler’s Farm.’ pp. 64—66.

We would gladly stay to view leisurely the hospitals, and other charitable or literary institutions, which piety has founded in Quebec and Montreal, but we are afraid of extending this article to an undue length. The self-devotion of the nuns cannot be viewed without admiration, and seems indeed almost to atone for whatever of superstition or error there may be in their opinions or their rites. Of the ‘General Hospital,’ founded in 1693 by the Bishop of Quebec, for ‘Poor sick and Mendicants,’ we have the following account.

‘The present superiour is a lady of Irish extraction, her age apparently bordering on thirty. In this conventual seclusion, (devoted to what might well seem to the mind of a delicate female, the most disgusting duties of humanity,) she exhibits that easy elegance, and softened cheerfulness of manner, so often affected, and rarely attained by the many votaries, who dress their looks and carriage in “the glass of fashion.” She conducted us, with the greatest politeness, through every part of the building, which, as well as the “Hotel Dieu,” in point of order, neatness and arrangement, seems singularly adapted to the comfort and recovery of the unfortunate beings, to whose reception they are consecrated.

Their funds I understood to be small, and managed with strict economy. They receive a small sum annually from government in addition to the revenue arising from their domain lands. *There is no distinction in the admission of Catholic or Protestant*: the hand of charity has spread a couch for each in his infirmities. Both houses have a small pharmacopœia in charge of a sister instructed in medicine. The several duties of tending the sick by night, cooking, &c. are distributed by rotation. Employment is thus equally secured to all, and the first evil of cankering thought effectually prevented.' pp. 51, 52.

'Let the lash of satire fall mercilessly on mere bigots, wherever they are found; but against the spirit, which, abjuring the pleasures, devotes itself to the most painful duties of life, what argument can be directed, which may not be left for its refutation to the prayers and blessings of the poor? The most objectionable part of the institution seems to be the committing of insane persons, of both sexes, to the charge of females: the answer is, that there is no other asylum for them; the blame therefore attaches to the police of the country; for it is evident, that women are very inadequate to the charge of such patients as require coercive treatment, particularly men.' p. 53.

Before we quit this part of our subject, we must indulge ourselves in one more extract for the purpose of introducing to our readers a man, whose benevolence has in it something heroic.

'The village of "Trois Rivières" stands at the mouths of the St. Maurice, which, being three in number, were mistaken by Jacques Cartier, or his successors, for three distinct rivers, and thence the village had its name. It contains an Ursuline convent, which marks it for a place of some note in a catholic country; but it is still more worthy of distinction, for being the residence of the Abbe de Calonne, brother to the French minister of that name, so unfortunately memorable. This excellent old man, on the return of Louis XVIII to France, came into possession of property (chiefly forest-lands, which had remained in the hands of the government) to the value of 3000*l.* per annum, the whole of which he immediately divided betwixt his nephews; rightly judging that the real affection of relatives consists, not in a testamentary gift of wealth they are no longer able to enjoy, but in the speediest application of whatever means they possess, for promoting the happiness of their connexions. For himself, he considers it wealth enough that he is able to employ the evening of life in acts of piety and benevolence towards his little cure, whose tears will

honour his bier, and their grateful remembrance be all his glory upon earth. He was at this time actively engaged in alleviating the distress resulting from the last year's defective harvest. The inhabitants of many villages had, for some time, been reduced to live on such vegetables as they could pick from the woods and fields, and many had died of famine.' pp. 78, 79.

We must now hasten to Upper Canada. If we are asked for a description of the falls of Niagara, we can only say, that Lieut. Hall has not omitted so essential a part of his duty as a traveller. He has also given a good account of the advantages and disadvantages of Kingston, York, and Sacket's Harbour ; but these too we must pass over.

From Ancaster our traveller made a visit to the Mohawk settlement on the Grand River. These Indians were a part of the celebrated confederacy of the Five Nations, who were so much feared by the French, under the name of Iroquois. These savages looked upon all the other tribes of North American Indians with contempt. They arrogated to themselves the right to domineer over them at pleasure, and dreadful was their vengeance upon all, who resisted their claims. They carried war and havoc into every quarter with the confidence of men, who believed themselves invincible. They were firmly attached to the English interest, and the Hurons, who had allied themselves to the French, after having often felt the severity of their chastisement, were at last dispersed by their victorious arms, and their existence as a nation brought to a close. Their form of government was well adapted to secure prudence in council and vigour in the field. Their ferocity made them an object of universal terror. If a single Mohawk was descried from the hills of New England, the alarm was instantly given, and men, women and children fled precipitately to the houses of the English settlers. Even to this refuge their enemies pursued them, and often slew them at the doors, but they always respected the inviolability of the dwelling. [*Colden's Hist. of the Five Nations.*] They were much given to speech-making, and had among them men of real eloquence. 'I am informed,' says Colden, 'that they are very nice in the turn of their expressions, and that few of themselves are so far masters of their language, as never to offend the ears of their Indian auditory, by an unpolite expression. They have, it seems, a certain *urbanitas* or *atticism*, in their language, of which the common ears are ever sensible,



though only their great speakers attain to it.'—Their considerate gravity in matters of business, and when about to deliver an important message, is not the least remarkable trait in their character. 'They sit down' (so the same historian tells us) 'for a minute or two at least, in silence, to recollect themselves before they speak, that they may not shew any degree of fear or surprise, by an indecent expression. Every sudden repartee, in a public treaty, leaves with them an impression of a light, inconsiderate mind; but in private conversation, they use and are as delighted with brisk, witty answers, as we can be.' In what dread they were held by the French, may be learned from the fact, reported also by Colden, that the Count de Frontenac, the polite governor of Canada, caused one of them, who had been taken prisoner, to be publicly burnt alive and tortured in Montreal, justifying his cruelty on the ground of necessary retaliation. 'But with submission to the politeness of the French nation, may I not ask,' (we quote again from Colden) 'whether every (or any) horrid action of a barbarous enemy can justify a *civilized* nation in doing the like?' To this question we were about to respond, as we believe every man of common humanity would do, if his attention were confined to the seventeenth century. Were it only the history of other nations and of times long gone by, that shocked us with such recitals, there would be little doubt about the character of the deed.—'Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus.'—But our indignation will be somewhat more cautious, when we find ourselves constrained to add—'fecimus et nos hæc.'

In the war of our revolution, most of the Indians of the Five Nations remained true to their old friends, the British, and were compelled to take refuge in Canada, where they had lands assigned them on the banks of the Grand River. There it was, that our traveller found this wretched, degenerate remnant. His visit will be best described in his own words.

'The Mohawks have always been esteemed the head of the confederacy. They were strongly attached to the British interest, and first followed Sir William Johnson into Canada, under their chieftain, "the Monster Brandt." The Monster had, however, some good qualities. He accustomed his people to the arts of civilized life, and made farmers of them. He built a church, and translated one of the Gospels into the Mohawk language; for, like Clovis, and many of the early Anglo-Saxon, and Danish Christians,

he contrived to unite much religious zeal with the practices of natural ferocity. His grave is to be seen under the walls of his church. I have mentioned one of his sons : he has also a daughter living, who would not disgrace the circles of European fashion : her face and person are fine and graceful : she speaks English, not only correctly, but elegantly ; and has, both in her speech and manners, a softness approaching to Oriental languor : she retains so much of her national dress as to identify her with her people, over whom she affects no superiority, but seems pleased to preserve all the ties and duties of relationship. She held the infant of one of her relations at the font, on the Sunday of my visit to the church. The usual church and baptismal service was performed by a Dr. Aaron, an Indian, and an assistant priest ; the congregation consisted of 60 or 70 persons, male and female : many of the young men were dressed in the English fashion, but several of the old warriors came with their blankets, folded over them, like the drapery of a statue ; and in this dress, with a step and mien of quiet energy, more forcibly reminded me of the ancient Romans than some other inhabitants of this continent, who have laid claim to the resemblance. Some of them wore large silver crosses, medals, and other trinkets, on the backs and breasts ; and a few had bandeaus, ornamented with feathers. Dr. Aaron, a grey-headed Mohawk, had touched his cheeks and forehead with a few spots of vermilion, in honour of Sunday : he wore a surplice, and preached at considerable length ; but his delivery was unimpassioned, and monotonous in the extreme. Indian eloquence decays with the peculiar state of society to which it owed its energy.

‘ The Mohawk village stands on a little plain, looking down upon the Grand river ; upon the alluvion of which the inhabitants raise their crops, chiefly of Indian corn. Their houses are built of logs, rudely put together, and exhibiting externally a great appearance of neglect, and want of comfort. Some few are in a better condition : the house belonging to Brandt’s family resembles that of a petty English farmer ; Dr. Aaron’s was neat and clean. The Doctor, who had been regularly ordained, and spoke very good English, told me the village had been injured much by the war, which had put a stop to its improvements, and dispersed the inhabitants over the country. This is probable enough : the Indians advance towards civilized life with a forced motion, and revert to habits of warfare, and wandering with a natural rebound.’ pp. 135, 136.

All our readers have heard of Tecumseh. The following brief account of him, and the ode to his memory, we introduce

principally with a view to shew our author in his character of a poet, which he several times assumes in the course of his narrative.

‘ Among these, the most distinguished was Tecumseh, a Shawnee chieftain, whose courage and commanding talents recommended him, early in the war, not only to the notice, but to the personal esteem and admiration of Sir Isaac Brocke. Tecumseh perceived the necessity of a general Indian confederacy, as the only permanent barrier to the dominion of the States. What he had the genius to conceive, he had the talents to execute: eloquence, and address, courage, penetration, and what in an Indian is more remarkable than these, undeviating temperance. Under better auspices, this Amphictyonick league might have been effected; but after the death of his friend and patron, he found no kindred spirit with whom to act; but stung with grief and indignation, after upbraiding, in the bitterest sarcasms, the retreat of our forces, he engaged an American detachment of mounted riflemen, near the Moravian village, and having rushed forward, singly, to encounter their commanding officer, whom he mistook for General Harrison, he fell by a pistol ball. The exultations of the Americans on his death, afford unerring, because unintended, evidence of the dread his talents had inspired.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF TECUMSEH.

‘ Tecumseh has no grave, but eagles dipt  
Their rav’ning beaks, and drank his stout heart’s tide,  
Leaving his bones to whiten where he died :  
His skin by Christian tomahawks was stript  
From the bar’d fibres.—Impotence of pride !  
Triumphant o’er the earth-worm, but in vain  
Deeming th’ impassive spirit to deride,  
Which, nothing or immortal, knows no pain !  
Might ye torment him to this earth again,  
That were an agony : his children’s blood  
Delug’d his soul, and, like a fiery flood,  
Scorch’d up his core of being. Then the stain  
Of flight was on him, and the wringing thought,  
He should no more the crimson hatchet raise,  
Nor drink from kindred lips his song of praise ;  
So Liberty, he deem’d, with life was cheaply bought.’

pp. 138—140.

In the early history of Canada, there are many examples of native chiefs, as brave, as faithful, and as intelligent, as Te-

cumseh. There is a remarkable coincidence between the character and pursuits of Kondiaronk, commonly called 'the Rat,' a Huron chief of great celebrity, and those of the noted warrior just mentioned. Like him, he was unshaken in his fidelity, and undaunted in danger; like him, he persevered in the midst of discouragement and difficulty, and relinquished his design only with his life; both had conceived the same plan of establishing a general peace among the native tribes; both possessed an eloquence, and a vigour of intellect well suited to the accomplishment of their views. We may add, that Charlevoix says of Kondiaronk, that he was the only man in Canada, that could vie with the Count de Frontenac in wit and repartee.

In the route of our traveller from Black Rock to Philadelphia we find nothing worthy of remark.

Philadelphia gives occasion to a discussion of some length upon the state of the Fine Arts, especially painting; another upon society and manners, and a third upon the penitentiary system. Each of these contains some just and useful remarks, but in regard to manners the author has fallen into mistakes, which a longer residence would have corrected.

The first appearance of slavery draws from Lieut. Hall a warm and decided expression of pity for the sufferings of the slave. 'A slave,' he says, 'is one for whom the laws of humanity are reversed, who has known nothing of society but its injustice, nothing of his fellow men, but his hardened, undisguised, atrocious selfishness.'—Nor are the effects of this practice upon the masters less deplorable. 'Did the miserable condition of the negro leave him mind for reflexion, he might laugh in his chains to see how slavery has stricken the land with ugliness.'

At Washington he finds little to admire, excepting the pleasant society into which he had there the good fortune to fall.

At Mount Vernon the tomb of Washington was of course the object of our traveller's search.

'Having walked through the gardens, I requested the old German gardener, who acted as Cicerone, to conduct me to the tomb of Washington: "Dere, go by dat path, and you will come to it," said he: I followed the path across the lawn, to the brow that overlooks the Potomac, and passing a kind of cellar in the bank, which seemed to be an ice-house, continued my search, but

to no effect:—I had already found it: this cellar-like hole in the bank, closed by an old wooden door, which had never been even painted, was the tomb of Washington, with not a rail, a stone, or even a laurel “to flourish o’er his grave.”’ p. 203.

After visiting some of the mountain scenery of Virginia, the author reaches the residence of Mr. Jefferson. How much delight he received from this visit, he tells us in the following sentence.

‘I slept a night at Monticello, and left it in the morning, with such a feeling as the traveller quits the mouldering remains of a Grecian temple, or the pilgrim a fountain in the desert.’ p. 230.

Richmond, Raleigh and Charleston have their share of attention, but we shall spare our readers any remarks upon this part of the work. The appendix contains three divisions. That upon slavery is honourable to the writer as a man of humanity and good sense. That upon the American character is crude and unsatisfactory, but such as we should expect to be written by any one depending upon means of observation so limited, and sources of information so suspicious, as our author seems to have possessed. In that on government, he has, we think, ventured far beyond the limits to which a prudent consideration of the difficulty of the subject would have confined him.

We shall close our review by quoting a passage, which we read with much pleasure. It is a good specimen, in addition to those before quoted, of the author’s manner already noticed, of describing natural scenery so as to communicate to the reader the same tone of moral feeling, with which it was viewed by himself.

‘The bustle of the road had all vanished by the time I entered the little wood immediately round the ferry, and was succeeded by a scene of quiet splendour, that Claude would have delighted in. I seated myself on a rock, near the water’s edge, to admire it. An orchard, belonging to the ferry-house, with the adjacent wood, closed the back ground: on my right, the river spread out into the lake of the Two Mountains, whose blue summits bounded the prospect in that direction: on my left was a little church of grey stone, stained with moss and going fast to decay; beyond which, on the opposite shore, lay the massive woods of L’Isle Perroi: the river in front of me (which is here about three miles over) was spotted with numberless rocky islets, behind which

the sun, sinking in a flood of golden fire, presented, in beautiful relief, the dark clumps of pine trees, which seemed pencilled out on their summits. A herd of cattle at this moment came down to water, and as they loitered listlessly in the glassy stream, seemed to share with man, in the tranquil feelings of the scene and hour. The ferryman's broad straw hat, and light canoe, now appeared; and as we paddled swiftly by these many little island-bowers, towards the glowing west, fancy may be pardoned for half sketching a passage to the Elysian fields, or enchanted gardens of Italian romance. The blaze of sun-set had mellowed into the purple tints of evening, before we reached the opposite shore: I proceeded by moonlight to the Cedars—p. 92.

Here we would stop, had not the author, as if to convince us how little this poetic description cost him, by the recklessness with which he mars it, added—

‘Where I procured tea, by knocking up a civil landlord, and the next morning went on to Coteau-du-Lac.’ p. 92.



**ART. X.**—*An Account of the History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States. By Rev. John Heckewelder. From volume I of Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. pp. 347. Philadelphia, 1819.*

**THERE** is probably no part of the world that furnishes so few objects to connect us with antiquity, as that which we inhabit. Every thing about us, excepting only the works of nature, is of recent origin. Every thing to be found of human art, and every trace of human existence relates almost wholly to the present generation. Beyond the period of the discovery and settlement of this country by our European ancestors, a date but of yesterday, we have neither written history, nor, except some faint and confused traditions, memorials of any other description. To penetrate beyond that date into the past, is almost as difficult as to unveil the secrets of the future. All is dark and uncertain.

It is even difficult, after a period of only two centuries, to obtain a very precise idea of the condition of the country and its inhabitants, at the time of its discovery and occupation